

LISTENING TO THE MOUNTAINS

I know there are places high
and separate where leftover music
lingers from time's beginning.

Earth's oldest harmonics
are scored on blue-gray graphs
against heaven, or recorded in spirals

of ancient fossil shells.
Sometimes in my dreams I climb.
Sometimes I hear parts of the prelude.

All senses attuned, attaining more
than altitude with every foothold,
each passage is measured in inches.

The Jesus rope holds at the pinnacle;
the thin air converges, blending tenor
and alto. The top of the scale is mine.

I return to kitchen, laundry,
mountains of leaves to rake. And above
the vacuum's whine I still hear the song.

--Glenna Holloway